

Steve Harrington

It's so hard being a single mom
when you have no kids and are a
male teenager

Yeah, it's me

It's like you're a part of

Steve

promised to keep you
all heads still

and that's exactly what
I'm on doing

karat

It is a Scientifically Proven Fact that once a
group of people become friends, the tendency
to make really foolish decisions disappears...
and from this chaos... the Teen Friend™ class,
created by the National Association of Teen Friends, Inc.

Steve Harrington Headcanons and Oneshots by ThatWasDumbButThat'sOkay

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Summary: A compilation of third-person headcanons and oneshots about the character Steve Harrington from Stranger Things. All were originally posted on my tumblr 'daryldamnson'. Most will involve romance, a lot will involve mom!Steve, and a couple have brief implications to sexual activities, though nothing explicit (so far...).

1. Meeting Her - headcanons

A/N: This was originally posted on my tumblr (in second person, but as ffn doesn't allow this I made it third), but I saw how little there was about my bby Steve Harrington here so thought I'd try to contribute. I hope you enjoy!

P.S. The format is *awful* bc ffn isn't made to support headcanons, but I did my best!

Headcanons: meeting her

- He immediately thought she was attractive, but felt a little too nervous to do anything, meaning he rambled a *lot* when she met him
- While he was over Nancy and 100% okay with her dating Jonathan, his subconscious still made him see Jonathan as some sort of threat
- And the fact that she was Jonathan's friend made him feel like he'd already lost her to him before even *meeting* her
- (he told her all this on the night she first said she loved him, 7 months into their relationship)
- He spent a *lot* of time trying to make her laugh
- By the end of the day she'd first met him he'd told her so many stories she felt as though she knew him better than his own mother did
- (which she later found out was quite the possibility considering his parents were never around)
- He had a light kind of humour, which contrasted drastically with her dry sarcasm, but not in a bad way - it actually meant that they found each other hilarious
- She'd heard of Steve before (both good things and bad) but had never actually met him as she'd moved away from Hawkins as an adolescent

- So at first all she had to go off of was the things Jonathan had told her over the phone
 - And while he'd been telling her they were friends as of late and that he'd changed, she still held a little resentment about the camera incident
 - (it had cost her a damn lot of money to get that for Jonathan's 16th birthday)
 - This meant she was probably a little cold to Steve at first, despite the fact that her mind was racing with how *gorgeous* this goddamn boy was
 - This just seemed to make him more determined to get her to like him, so he was overly nice to her
 - Right up to the point that she had to tell him to "shut the fuck up before I get rotten teeth and diabetes"
 - She'd never seen anyone react so positively to her sharp tongue, and she couldn't help but crack a genuine smile - the first one he'd seen, and he was determined not to let it be the last.
 - *His determination paid off.*
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I do take requests, for both headcanons and imagines/oneshots over on my tumblr (daryldamnson), but it's fine if anyone wants to send them in here too.

2. Confessing His Love - headcanons

A/N: This was originally posted on my tumblr (in second person, but as ffn doesn't allow this I turned the reader into Kat, the OC from C + P, although this does not take place in that timeline).

(let me know if you see anything still written in second person narrative, I did my best but I may have missed something).

Request (anon): *headcanons for steve harrington confessing/asking someone to date him? thank you!*

Okay, so this turned into half-headcanon, half-fully written imagine so... Oops?

P.S. The format is *awful* bc ffn isn't made to support headcanons, but I did my best!

Headcanons: confessing his love

- Steve was acting weird
- Like *secret-keeping* weird
- And she *loved* secrets
- She'd never tell anybody when she was told a secret – she wasn't a gossip – she just loved to *know* things
- So of course, normally she would've badgered him about it
- "aw, come on, Stevie," and he'd roll his eyes because he *hates* that nickname "since when don't you tell me things? Come ooonnnnn! What is it? Your parents? School? Dustin? A girl?"
- "for fuck's sake, Kat" and he'd sigh and tell her
- But not this time
- This time he seemed to be trying to tell her – he wasn't actually

keeping the secret, just finding a way to tell her, she could see that

- So she didn't mind waiting (even if it was frustrating as hell)

- The first time he'd tried to tell her was in the library at school

- They were supposed to be doing homework, but of course instead they were messing around

- Playing hangman or guess who – a game in which they'd list bad characteristics someone in the school had and the other would have to guess who it was

- Kat had bagged on Nancy a lot after the whole party debacle

- Mostly it was because she was pissed at her for stringing along her best friend who'd loved Nancy with his whole heart

- But it was also because it helped to put the smile back on his face as he tried to convince her that "she's not all that bad"

- She'd been laughing at his description of who was clearly supposed to be Billy Hargrove when he started looking at her weird

- Just watching her laugh with a small smile on his face

- "what?"

- "nothing, nothing; just... I don't know..."

- "whatever. It's Hargrove, right? Though I'm not sure you're right with the description 'ugly motherfucker' cause let's be honest he's *really* pretty"

- His face suddenly darkened; smile gone and eyes no longer shining
"you like Hargrove?"

- "no, of course not, he's a dick, I'd rather cut my tongue out of my mouth than let his anywhere near me, I'm just saying he's not exactly unattractive"

- Not letting it go, he kept brooding, so Kat leaned over and cupped his face in between her hands, trying to appease him "I promise you, Stevie, you're much prettier than him. Especially with that ugly ass mullet. Okay? Trust me, you'll always be my favourite person"

- "Kat... I-" he's cut off by the end of lunch bell ringing

- She removes her hands from his face and starts packing her things, resuming regular conversation, completely oblivious to the fact that Steve is cursing himself, the world and any deity he can think of for preventing him from telling her

- The next time he tries to tell her is in his bedroom

- The house was parentless and they were listening to some new record Steve had bought the week before

- She just looked so damn beautiful, frowning slightly in concentration as she focused on the music and biting her lip, that he couldn't help himself

- "Kat, I need to..." She looked up at him with those big bright eyes and his brain just stopped. And then it started working in overdrive.

- He couldn't do this

- She was Kat

- His best friend

- She'd never see him like that

- And if he did tell her, she might never want to see him at all

- He wasn't sure he could survive that

- In the deep recesses of his mind he starts to hear a voice – Kat's voice

- *"It's bullshit. You're bullshit. It's all bullshit."*

- They weren't her words... But they could be if he took this risk
 - No, he couldn't do it
 - "I need to get a drink; do you want one?"
 - She nods and just like that Steve's heart sinks, but at least it doesn't break
-

- The final time Steve tries to tell her is at a party
- It was unideal - she was slightly drunk and they were surrounded by people - but neither of them would take it back for anything
- She'd gotten quite a few drinks into her before Steve began to get The Look™
- The Look™ he'd get when he started to get anxious about her state of drunkenness
- Ever since the Nancy debacle he'd been a little sensitive when it came to drinking, at parties especially
- He'd had one drink to her five and was acting as her sober conscience
- Until he went to pee, and lost her
- He wasn't particularly worried (or at least he tried to tell himself that as he searched for her)
- He found her in the garden, fresh drink in hand, leaning against the fence and looking up flirtatiously at... *Billy?! Fuck **that**.*
- "Katherine!"
- Both her and Billy turn to see him jogging towards them
- "What the fuck are you doing?"
- Billy butts in before she can answer. "She's having a good time, Harrington - I'm surprised she's not forgotten how to after hanging

around with you for so long."

- "Billy. Stop." she puts her hand on his chest, skin on skin due to his lack of done-up buttons and watches as Steve's eyes burn holes in that exact spot. "Steve, I'm fine, just... Go back inside."

- He doesn't. He just keeps arguing with her; saying that she doesn't really want to do this - "you can't even fucking *stand* Hargrove!" - and how she should go with him

- But why should she? She's been waiting *months* for Steve to make a move, and he just hasn't. She should be allowed to take her mind off it with a hot distraction like Billy.

- "How could you possibly know what I want and what I don't?"

- "Because I know *you*, Kat! You're my best friend!"

- "Exactly - I'm just your friend, so why do you care so fucking much?!"

- She doesn't even have time to process her slip before he's yelling back

- "*Because I'm in love with you, you blind idiot!*"

- The beat of silence seems to stretch out forever as they stare at each other in shock

- "what?"

- Kat's voice is barely a whisper and Billy's loud laugh makes her jump

- "Aw, poor little Harrington, pining over his best friend. I almost feel sorry for you. C'mon, babe."

- Billy wraps his arms around her waist and she doesn't even think before pushing him off, still staring at Steve

- "Fuck off, Billy"

- "What? I-"

- "Fuck off, Billy" she says it with a little more force, turning her head to look at him "preferably before I detach your balls from your body"

- She can see the anger in his eyes, but fortunately he just leaves, throwing a curt "fuck you, slut" at her as he goes

- "Steve?"

- She steps towards him, searching his face for answers to all the questions shooting around in her brain

- "I've been trying to tell you - I wanted to wait until the right time, and this obviously isn't it but it just came out. I've tried to tell you before but I chickened out, or that *damn bell* went off and interrupted me and then I just started thinking what if you think it's all bullshit? I mean, I know you're not Nancy, but what if it's me that's the problem? What if-"

- His awkward, *adorable* ramblings are cut off as Kat steps forward, leans up and kisses him in one smooth move, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck

- He freezes but quickly reciprocates, leading to her being pressed against the fence, legs wrapped around his waist as they kiss

- Five minutes later Kat pulls away for longer than two seconds in order to tell him something

- "I love you too"

I do take requests, for both headcanons and imagines/oneshots over on my tumblr (daryldamnsn), but it's fine if anyone wants to send them in here too.

Also, thank you to everyone who read, faved and followed; but a special thanks to *elisiumqueen* for the review!